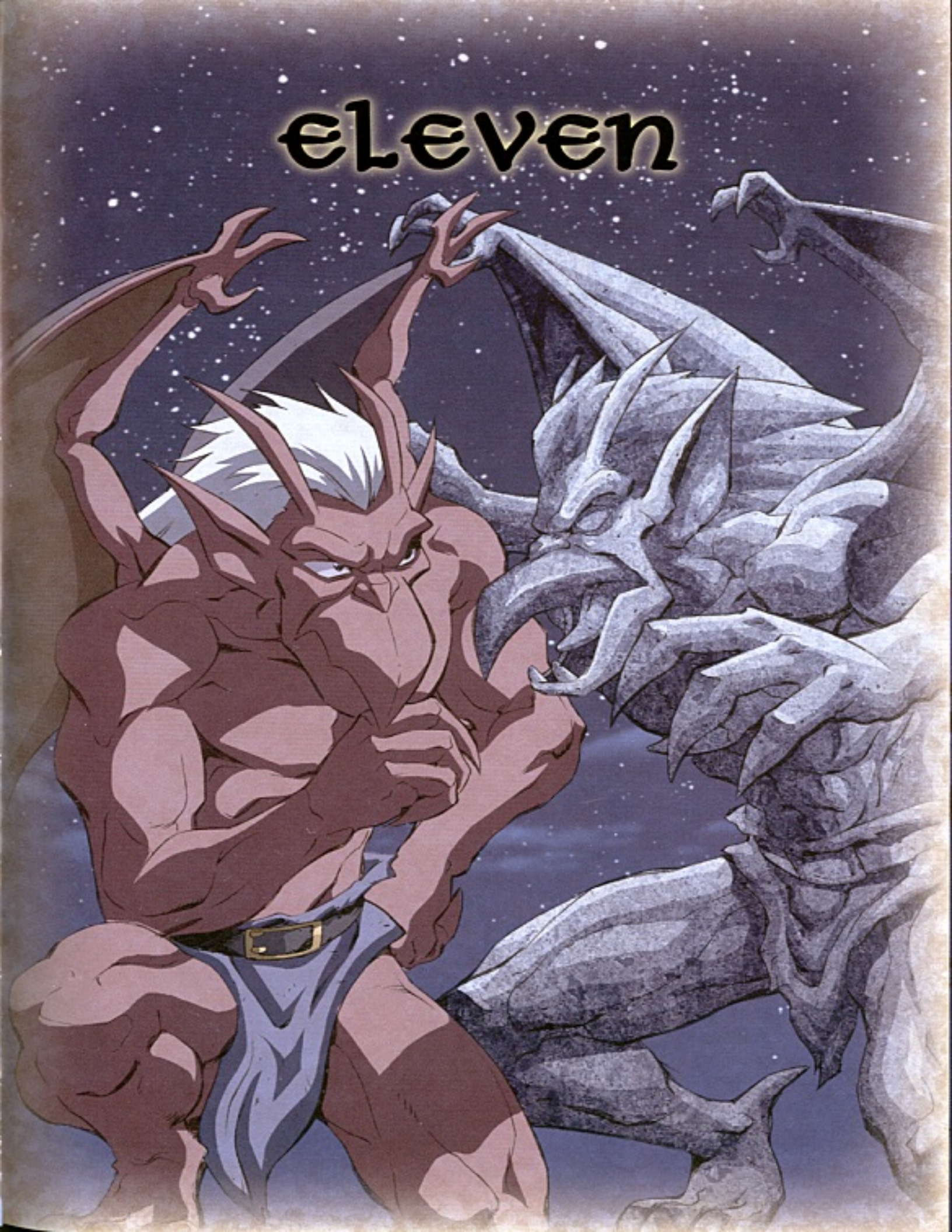
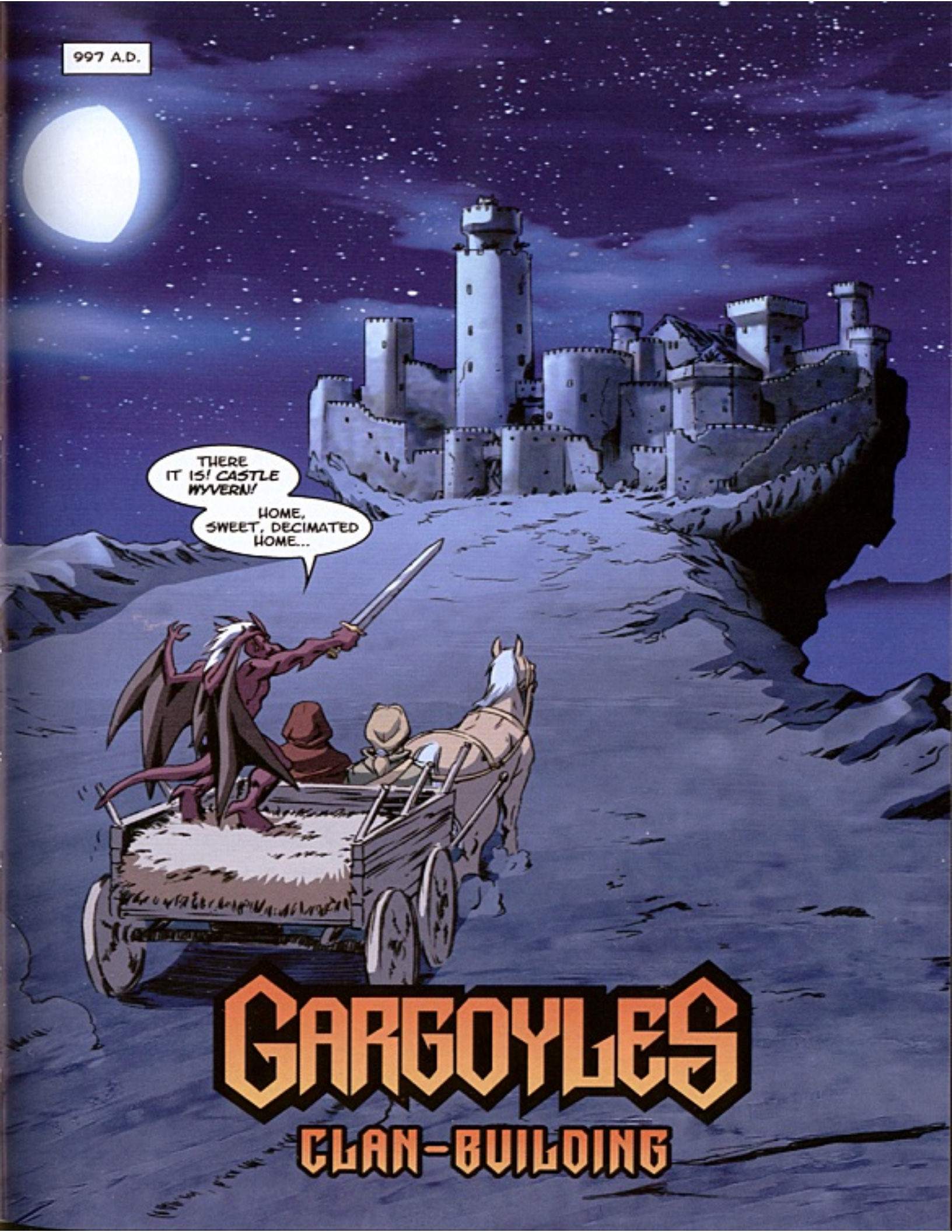

ELEVEN


997 A.D.
THERE IT IS! CASTLE WYVERN!
HOME, SWEET, DECIMATED HOME...
GARGOYLES
CLAN-BUILDING

AND THERE'S GOLIATH... TAKING HIS THOUSAND-YEAR NAP.
HIS HALF OF THE PHOENIX GATE SHOULD BE IN HIS POUCH...
...AND THE GATE'S THE ONLY WAY I'M GETTING BACK TO MY CENTURY.
BUT BROOKLYN... ISN'T THIS YOUR CENTURY?
HUH. I GUESS IT ISN'T, MARY. NOT ANYMORE.
EITHER WAY, I NEED THE GATE TO GET YOU AND FINELLA TO SAFETY.
THE GRIMORUM ARCANORUM MUST BE PROTECTED...

"...IT CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS!"
HOLD THE GLASS STRAIGHT, BOY.
YES, MY LORD.
AH, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT...

THAT CREATES THE PROPER CANVAS. WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?
AS YOU DECREE IT SO, KING CONSTANTINE.
GOOD ANSWER.
CHAPTER ELEVEN: TYRANTS
YOUR MAJESTY...

...YOU SUMMONED US?
I DID, MAÍL BRIGTI. OUR ARMIES ARE ASSEMBLED?
YES, MY LIEGE. AND MARCHING TOWARD RATHVERAMOEN TO RENDEZVOUS WITH YOUR IRISH FORCES.
EXCELLENT. RIDE TO THEIR HEAD. WE WILL FOLLOW APACE.
AS YOU COMMAND. GILLECOMGAIN, COME.
NO, BRIGTI. WE WILL KEEP YOUR BOY BY OUR SIDE.
WE FIND HIM USEFUL.
YOU HAVE LEAVE TO GO, BRIGTI.
THANK YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS.
NOW, BROTHER VALMONT ...

OUR ARMIES WILL CRUSH THE GRIM.
...SILENCING THE MALE LINE OF THE THREE BROTHERS ONCE AND FOR ALL.
HIS SON BODHE AND COUSIN MAOL CHALVIM WILL BE EXECUTED...
BUT WHAT OF OUR OTHER ENEMIES?
I HAVE READ THE ENTRAILS OF HALF THE GOATS IN SCOTLAND...
...THE MAGUS AND PRINCESS KATHARINE HAVE LEFT THIS WORLD AND POSE NO THREAT.
AND THE WITNESS? THE BOY TOM?
WITH THEM OR DEAD.
BUT THE GRIMORUM REMAINS IN SCOTLAND. OF THAT I AM SURE.
IF WE CANNOT RECOVER IT...

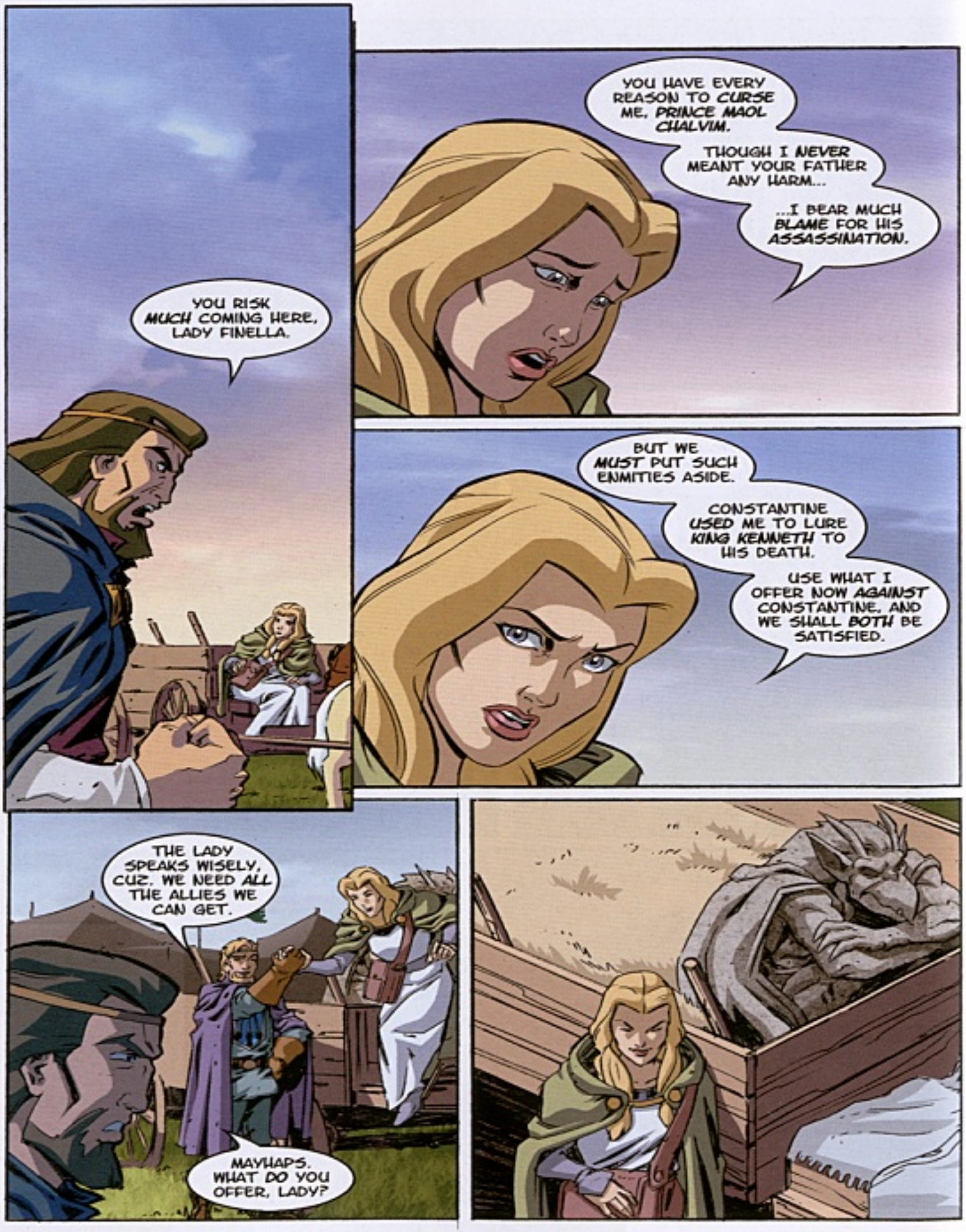
"...WE MUST PREPARE TO FACE IT."
OKAY, THIS IS JUST FREAKY.
"FREAKY." YEAH, THAT'S A GOOD ADJECTIVE.
WAY BETTER THAN HORRIFIC OR TRAUMATIZING OR SOUL-KILLING.
FEELS LIKE MY HEART'S TURNING TO STONE...
...AND LIKE HAKON'S TAKING A MACE TO IT.
B-BROOKLYN... IN THIS FUTURE OF YOURS...
...HAVE YOU SEEN MY SON, TOM?
GOLIATH HAS. TOM'S SAFE. IN FACT, HE KINDA MARRIED THE--
MARRIED?! MY LITTLE TOM?!

UH, MAYBE I SHOULD KEEP MY BIG BEAK SHUT.
GOLIATH SAID THE TIMESTREAM'S *INVIOLABLE*, BUT I BETTER NOT TAKE CHANCES...
MAN, WE ARE SUCH A *PAIN* WHEN WE'RE ASLEEP...
HOW DOES ELISA STAND IT?
CAREFUL NOW... DON'T KNOCK THE BIG GUY OVER...
AH, MAN, I WAS AFRAID OF THIS...
...THE STUPID *HUMILITY SPELL* TURNED THE POUCH TO STONE ALONG WITH GOLIATH'S CLOTHES.
CAN'T RISK CRACKING IT OPEN. THE CRACKS MIGHT SPREAD.

-:SIGH:-
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS MY CENTURY AGAIN AFTER ALL.
LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING THE OTHER HALF OF THE GATE--
"--OR CONFRONTING THE... WITCH THAT HAS IT."
THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

DEAD?! WHO'S DEAD?!
THE ENTIRE SRUIGHLEA CELL.
SEVEN GARGOYLES AND A BEAST...
...REDUCED TO RUBBLE BY THE HUMANS.
WE... WE SHOULD HOLD A WIND CEREMONY.
NO, LITTLE ONE. WE SHOULD KILL THEM.
WE SHOULD KILL THEM ALL.
"IT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD TO VIEW THE GARGOYLES AS OUR SAVIORS--"

--BUT CONSTANTINE'S EDICTS HAVE DRIVEN THEM ALL INTO HIDING...
...WE CAN'T FIND THEM, COUSIN.
THEN YOU'LL WANT TO SEE THIS...
SEE, MAOL, ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE.
WHOA, MAGUS. STEADY, OLD GIRL.


YOU RISK MUCH COMING HERE, LADY FINELLA.
YOU HAVE EVERY REASON TO CURSE ME, PRINCE MAOL CHALVIM.
THOUGH I NEVER MEANT YOUR FATHER ANY HARM...
...I BEAR MUCH BLAME FOR HIS ASSASSINATION.
BUT WE MUST PUT SUCH ENMITIES ASIDE.
CONSTANTINE USED ME TO LURE KING KENNETH TO HIS DEATH.
USE WHAT I OFFER NOW AGAINST CONSTANTINE, AND WE SHALL BOTH BE SATISFIED.
THE LADY SPEAKS WISELY, CUZ. WE NEED ALL THE ALLIES WE CAN GET.
MAYHAPS. WHAT DO YOU OFFER, LADY?

SUNSET.
ARRAAAAARRRRRRGHHH
ASSEMBLE YOUR ARMY AT RATHVERAMOEN, GRIM.
I'LL SUPPLY THE REINFORCEMENTS.
YOU'RE GOING TO SEARCH FOR HER?
BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID SHE WAS A MONSTER.
SHE IS. BUT IF I'M CAREFUL --AND KEEP MY TEMPER-- WE CAN USE THAT.
YOU DON'T SOUND VERY SURE. DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN?
TOO MUCH T.V. TOO FEW HISTORY BOOKS.
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN A GIANT FLAMING MAGICAL TIME-TRAVELING BIRD IS GONNA SWALLOW YOU WHOLE AND SPIT YOU OUT IN THE TENTH CENTURY!
SO HIT THOSE BOOKS, KIDS!

FOOL!
ARE YOU TRYING TO DESTROY THE WHOLE CLAN OR JUST--
YOU!!

YOU ACCUSE ME OF DESTROYING THE CLAN?!!
I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE FROM WYVERN!
BY THE DRAGON, YOU SURVIVED WYVERN!!
CHILL, BROOK. GET A GRIP.
REMEMBER, THIS IS DEMONA CLASSIC. TENTH CENTURY AND...
..AND STILL THE TRAITOR WHO CAUSED THE WYVERN MASSACRE!!

APOLOGIES, YOUNG WARRIOR! I THOUGHT YOU WERE FROM MY CLAN. MY *NEW* CLAN!
BUT TELL ME, *PLEASE*: HOW DID YOU SURVIVE?
I... WAS IN THE ROOKERY.
THE ROOKERY, OF COURSE! AND YOUR BROTHERS... THEY WERE SENT DOWN TOO! DID THEY--
YES... BUT THE MAGUS TURNED THEM TO STONE WITH GOLIATH AND HUD--
--AND THE OLD SOLDIER.
THE *HUMANS!* THOSE THEY DON'T DESTROY THEY *CURSE!*
CAN'T HELP NOTICING *YOU* ESCAPED BOTH FATES.
I... I WAS IN THE FOREST... I--
DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S JUST... "GREAT" WE BOTH SURVIVED--
--BECAUSE I NEED YOUR HELP...

I CANNOT BELIEVE THE GRIM'S SIDE HAS NOT A SINGLE SORCERER TO WIELD THE GRIMORUM.
INCLUDING YOU, LADY. YOU KNOW NO MAGIC.
BUT I KNOW LATIN.
I SAW THE MAGUS -- THE MAN, NOT THE HORSE -- CAST THIS ONE SPELL...
...IF I CAN DUPLICATE HIS EFFORTS...
SOUNDS DANGEROUS, MILADY.
AND OF COURSE WE HARDLY WANT TO INVOLVE OURSELVES IN ANYTHING DANGEROUS.

RATHIVERAMOEN.
YOUR HIGHNESS, A MESSENGER FROM THE GRIM...
...WHO SENDS WORD HIS FORCES WILL MEET YOU ON THE BATTLEFIELD AT SUNSET.
WHAT AN EXCELLENT MESSAGE. WHAT AN EXCELLENT MESSENGER.
KILL HIM.
STOP!! YOU CAN'T!! THE RULES OF WAR!!
AS WE UNDERSTAND IT... THE KING MAKES THE RULES...

...WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, MY BOY?
OH, YES, YOUR MAJESTY!

THE SUN SETS. STAY BEHIND THE LINES, LADY...
...AND IF IT GOES BADLY-- BURN THAT BOOK!
FEWER IRISH THAN WE THOUGHT...
AYE.
STAY CLOSE, BOY.
AYE.
FOR SCOTLAND!!
DEATH TO THE TYRANT!!
DEATH TO THE TYRANT!!
DEATH TO THE TYRANT!!
DEATH TO THE GRIM!!
FOR THE KING!!
DEATH TO THE GRIM!!
DEATH TO THE GRIM!!

YOUR ARMY IS *OUTFLANKED*, TRAITOR.
AND YET THE SUN HAS SET ON YOUR REIGN, *TYRANT*.

A TRUE BATTLE! THIS IS WHAT OUR SCATTERED CLAN NEEDED!!
KRAK
I'M STARTING TO SEE IT, MARY. THE SPELL! I'M--
SAETH.
THERE WAS MUCH WISDOM IN YOUR DECISION TO FOLLOW THE GARGOYLE OF THE SWORD.
MORE THAN YOU KNOW...
MILADY!!
...FOR WHEN THE FIGHTING HAS ENDED AND CONSTANTINE LIES DEAD--
--WE WILL DISPATCH THE GRIM AND HIS BATTLE-WEARY FORCES OURSELVES...
FINALLY, THE GRIMORUM ARCANORUM IS MINE!
THE GRIM AND CONSTANTINE WILL FALL...
...LEAVING THE FATE OF SCOTLAND... TO ME!

NEXT: CLAN-BUILDING ...CONCLUDES.